



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

strong ground for supposing, that the medicines generally termed nervous have been futile in this complaint, which calls for large and sudden depletion. We have thought it proper to mention those two instances of medical discovery, because it often takes considerable time before such invaluable hints make their way to many even of the medical profession, and the distribution of a periodical publication may accelerate a knowledge which will perhaps prove the means of saving a human creature from lingering torment, and certain death. A.P.

PICTURE OF A LADY IN FRENCH, BUT
NOT A FRENCH LADY.

Modeste, tranquille, tendre, soumise, affable, complaisante, attentive, prevoyante, silencieuse.

A.P.

PRICES OF "SOULS" IN RUSSIA.

(From Storch's *Statistical Account of Russia*.)

The extent of an estate is always determined by the number of "souls" belonging to it, under which term are comprehended the male peasants only. The price of a man, as may be naturally supposed, is very different, according to his greater or less utility, his physical or acquired properties, and the situation of the place where he is sold. Thus, for

example, a young man sells at a greater price than an old one, and a woman who understands the different kinds of work peculiar to females, or who can dress hair, &c. will bring twice, or even three times as much as another who does not possess the same qualifications. The only uniformity which prevails in this respect, is the commutation in money for a recruit, as established by government, which, since 1786, has been, throughout the whole Empire, 360 rubles. Nay, in many places the boors pay for a fit substitute 700 rubles. Men sometimes will sell for from 100 to 120 rubles, and women for from 25 to 50. When estates are sold, with the whole population belonging to them, young and old men, women and children, the price in general is more accurately defined, though a good deal depends on the nature and situation of the estate. The imperial loan-bank, when it takes estates in pledge for money lent, estimates each peasant at 40 rubles; but in cases of sale, their value is much greater. In the government of St. Petersburg, each individual, according to the nature of the estate, is estimated at from two to three hundred rubles; in other parts of the kingdom, the price is much lower, but scarcely any where less than an hundred,

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO PASTORELLA.

THY sounding harp, sweet minstrel, take,
Sweep with thy hand the trembling strings,
My heart in unison shall speak
A thousand corresponding things.

Narcissa's sorrow be the theme,
Narcissa's heart is tuned to grief,

The deep toned sympathetic strains
Afford the listening soul relief.

Sweet Friendship, skill'd in Pæan's lore
Tumultuous passions to control,
Extracts from sorrow's smart the sore,
Alexipharmic of the soul.

The joy of grief who would not prove?
Who would the pleasing pain forego?

The dolce-amara from above,
Sweet solaces, allied to woe.

Give us to feel, Oh, God! avert
Insensibility's dull reign;
Give us to feel, e'en though the pain
Of feeling rend the heart in twain.

These deep, these solemn-sounding airs,
Those o'er the heart which lightly fly,
Mix'd by that hand that tun'd the spheres,
Compose the general harmony.

S.A.

THE MOTHER.

WITH ardent hope, and fond desire,
I bid this little chapel rise,
To kindle here the sacred fire
I ow'd to all the charities.

Here will we build, my mate and I,
(I thought), the dear domestic nest,
Bless God for blessings snatched away,
And thankfully enjoy the rest.

Fond thought, conceiv'd in flattering hour,
The halcyon builds upon the wave,
The storms arise, the gulfs devour,
And unavailing prayer to save.

One darling sav'd, I reach'd the shore,
With wild emotion call'd my son:
He's fled, but in his place appear
The angel RESIGNATION.

S.A.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 19.

"O Fons Bandusia, splendidior vitro," &c.

FOUNTAIN Bandusia, more clear than
glass,
Worthy of richest nectar, crown'd with
flowers:
To-morrow in thy name a kid shall bleed,
Whose forehead rough with newly bud-
ding horns,
On Venus meditates, and many a war,
In vain: for soon this firstling of the herd
Shall tinge with his red blood the gelid
stream,
The flaming dog-star in his deadliest hour
Dares not profane thy consecrated seat:
Thou to the oxen weary with the plough,
And to the vagrant flock with heat op-
press'd,
Suppliest the pleasant cool. Thou too
shalt rank

Among the noble fountains, when I sing
The oak that overshades the cavern'd
rocks,
Down which thy ever-babbling waters
bound.

C.E.

EPICRAMMATIC DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF A
FAVOURITE CAT, WHO DIED, AGED EIGHT
YEARS AND TEN MONTHS.

POOR Bossy died this day,
She liv'd as long as she could,
Oh! had she liv'd till May,
She had made the saying good.

Poor Bossy had twice four years run,
Had life not been shorten'd by fate,
(For a life count a course of the sun.)
She had liv'd her nine lives complete.

PATHOS.

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following song appeared in the
papers about two years ago, in a very dif-
ferent form; and perhaps I would not have
thought any more about it, if I had not
been informed lately, that it had been pub-
lished in an American paper. I own I was
a little flattered by the account; but as it
contained some expressions that I wished
corrected, I have taken the liberty of send-
ing it to you, requesting, if you think it
worthy of insertion, a corner of the Bel-
fast Magazine. I confess I would be high-
ly gratified to find they had obtained your
approbation.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,

J. GETTY.

Ballytresna, March 15th, 1813.

A SONG.

Tune, "Humours of Glen."

How fresh is the rose in the gay dewy
morning,
That peeps with a smile o'er yon eastern
hill!
How fair is the lily our gardens adorn-
ing!
And fresh is the daisy that blooms by
the rill!